

Catalyst of Individuality



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At the core of being, regardless of being, all is the same and everything exists in a state of possibility and infinity.

We are all the same until conception, at which point, that which is the same, becomes individual.

PART 1: KAZ

Chapter 1

“Your soul mate is not another individual, it is not someone outside of you; your soul mate is always within you. Humans have three parts to themselves: the physical self (the ego), the inner self (the mind), the divine self (the soul). This is the original unity of three.

Destiny has brought us together, at this very critical time, for it seems like all of created existence is about to experience a shift of great magnitude. Humans are starting to acknowledge, there is more to existence than merely the physical body they occupy and the physical earth they reside in.

You will be entering a time on earth when man has discovered two parts of their DNA: the genome which gives each their physical characteristics and the epi-genome, which gives them their environmental factors.

Upon arriving on earth, you will be part of history which will discover the third aspect of DNA, the acti-genome, the action of each being's life. The ancients called it fatum, we call it destiny. Mankind will know: all of life is a pre-destined journey. You will be living in a time when man will remember its DNA, not only includes what they look like, what they experience, but finally, what they do.

Chance, accident and error are pre-determined. The perceived chaotic occurrence of such events, to any individual or thing, is in actuality, destiny. This is true of the biggest to the smallest, true of the gods, individuals, animals, planets and universes. At every point in your life, you will look as you are supposed to, you will be where you are supposed to be and you will do what you are supposed to do.

The universe does not act according to chaos. The universe and everything created acts in accordance with a pre-determined plan, design and law.

All things unfold in strict order, so no one may undo what must occur. Because of the interconnectedness of all things, only what is pre-determined happens. The outcome of B cannot occur before the outcome of A. The life you will experience tomorrow is as destined to occur, according to plan, as the colour of your eyes was chosen before you arrived. Thus, rest easy in your life, for what you will experience is already determined and is destined to happen.

The discovery that physical life is not of itself singular and random, but rather, a pre-determined journey, will cause many a shock. We are truly in a magnificent position to see humanity, earth and its universe make a significant change. These major shifts occur very infrequently, but when they do, the effects are felt on all levels and dimensions of being.”

I heard the words and was grateful for the moment. This was what I had been working towards. I guess I should not preclude every other moment. Still, I knew some moments resonated stronger, lasted longer, or just seemed to have a greater impact.

Sabul continued,

“Amnesia, forgetfulness, it is the way they are kept from remembering who they are. You will again be subject to it. Earth is infected with amnesia and all who breathe there, live there are subject to it. Immortality thru evolution, their gift, is ultimately victorious, but as you also have experienced, it can take many life times to achieve.

For the most part, when exposed to amnesia, the divine spark that lives within mankind is dormant. But, it will never die or rest so long as it is enslaved or forgotten. The cure, relentless seeking and when that fails, assured evolution.

The mystery of life is a prerequisite for its existence. Its origin and end shall always remain elusive to the individual, regardless of dimension or state. No one entity or being, while in individual form, understands the total meaning and reason behind creation. All individual forms exist within the overall whole: the summation of all that is, was and ever shall be.”

I looked around; everyone was excited to be here. So many before us and so many more to come, there never seemed to be a shortage of helpers. Chances were high we would fall subject to the de-habilitating essence of amnesia. It was impossible to predict, but not enough to dissuade us from volunteering.

“I am available to all of you, so long as I am not needed elsewhere more. Think me and I will respond. There is much we need to review. I look forward to our next encounter.”

I enjoyed Sabul’s quiet and peaceful demeanour. My energy always increased when I was in his presence. We left each other and I tuned into Heloge.

Heloge and I first met 380BC, earth. Then, Heloge was Alexander, an aspiring medical student and I was Antonia, his bequeath. We fell in love instantly and our journey together was one of intense searching for knowledge. Heloge appeared; I hugged her, eager to know what she was planning. I was still high from my meeting with Sabul.

“I am so excited, a few more earth months and we’ll be there, have you decided what you are going to do in the next while?” I asked

Heloge was exuding with enthusiasm, as she always was.

“I am taking a journey through Sambia. Have you decided to come with me?”

This was what I loved about Heloge, she was so carefree. In many ways, she was stronger than I. I was much more stringent with my decisions; whereas, she let the moment dictate her actions.

“I wish I could join you, but I feel I have to stay and practice; maybe I can connect with you for the last days”

I couldn't imagine anything better than spending my remaining days with Heloge. I had been tempted to squall away my remaining time here, but my disciplined nature kicked in. I knew I had to stay and work on my concentration and meditation, not to mention my strength and will power. The anticipation of joining Heloge would only make me work harder. I loved and trusted her, we would complement each other, on the way back in.

“Do try, you can let me know.”

We parted with kisses and I headed home. I was so alive; any day I got a blast of Heloge and a union with Sabul caused my vibration level to increase. I now had a firm vision of the time to come, I was sure it was going to be fantastic.

Feeling completely assured and refreshed, I headed to Luva's. I was lucky enough to have heard about her class, long distance nothing. This class provided me with structured time and place, where I could meditate without being interrupted or called. We met at the café and Luva began.

“Last time you were here was productive. You are all progressing so well, enjoy and I am here if you need me.”

Before I started my meditation, I shook myself from head to toe. It awakened what was dormant and released impure, unwanted energy clinging to me. This time however, love tingled and I felt very awake.

I cleared my mind and left my body. I felt my mind separate from my body, still, I knew both. Yet, my body was perfectly happy to stay inactive. I surrendered myself, without fear of being lost.

I was not needed and I did not need. I was perfectly content in the void, the empty space that was both the womb of creation and non-existence. Here, everything began and ended. It was also here, anyone could come to for rest, from the activity of life.

Its infinite capacity was mother and father of all that is, was and ever shall be. These moments were special, communion with the source of creation, in silent reverence and gratitude.

When I came back, everyone was gone and I lingered still. I felt no hurry and nothing awaited. My mind was pure and free. I felt connected to everything around me. I had just completed a great practice session and so, I indulged.

Chapter 2

I thought about earth, 1960. I was Jessy then and life was vibrant and racy. University in a quiet town; I was unknown and anxious for a fresh start. I studied dance and drama, but mainly, life.

I caught myself smiling, thinking about Jessy and that time. Jessy was a real journey. She was strong, magnetic and lived fully; probably, the most impulsive life I've led. Of all my other remembrances and past lives, Jessy was the closest I must have been to awakening, without knowing it.

Jessy was gifted with extra-sensory perception; she intuitively knew what others were thinking. This often got her in trouble and she forsook her ability at first. As she grew older, she made peace with it and learned to utilize her gift for good.

It was also a time of indulgence, few boundaries and major discoveries. Jessy was gay, she preferred the intimacy of women. The first clear evidence of her realization happened in first year drama class. She walked into room 105 and instantly was drawn to Sarah.

Sarah was beautiful and sensual in every way. Every part of her smiled and she sizzled through Jessy's being. Chemistry between people was undeniable and simple. It became convoluted and difficult when we tried to ignore and disregard its simplicity. That was how it was, when Jessy first laid eyes on Sarah; simple, but made to be so difficult and seemingly wrong.

Jessy was determined to forsake the natural pull she felt towards Sarah. Therefore, it was especially fascinating, when life proved to take the lead and throw both into each other's path, a path not to be side stepped in the end. Life thus began for her; the roller coaster of emotions and lessons commenced.

It was a blistery, winter morning when Jessy walked into Sarah's class. Sleep still blanketed her person. As she walked into the room, a rush of energy overwhelmed her and things seemed instantly hot.

Sarah began the class. The introductory lesson was on trust and touch. Everyone paired off; Jessy was alarmingly aware, she had somehow become isolated from the rest of the class and was partnerless. Before she could react, things happened. She focused and watched the gap, which previously separated them, become full with Sarah.

Jessy saw Sarah's mouth move, obviously giving instruction, but nothing registered. She was pre-occupied only with standing upright; she knew she had frozen. All she could do was watch helplessly as Sarah reached out. The moment they touched caused Jessy to lose all sense of her body, she felt as though she was floating.

Jessy felt their bodies unite in one single touch. A full spectrum of colour exploded in her head, it was like nothing she had experienced before. She wondered if everyone else in the class was aware of what happened. Thankfully, as she glanced around, the others seemed to be unaware, each engulfed in the assignment.

She looked into Sarah's eyes and almost instinctively, started reading her mind. She caught herself before she made contact and shook herself out of the moment. Sarah must have felt her hesitation and seemed puzzled, pausing slightly to ask her if everything was alright.

Jessy pulled away from the exercise, apologized and excused herself, stating she was not feeling well. Before Sarah could say anything, Jessy had made her way to the door. She turned and saw Sarah looking slightly confused.

I came back in; Luva's was empty and dark. I sat for a few moments and allowed myself time to adjust to the immediate here and now. It was essential for me to have a clear break from mental wanderings. The past had significance in that it had already been created and experienced. I tried to live in the now, in the present, dwelling neither in the past or future for too long.

I picked up my things and left. I headed for the cross-road Dunes. Drifting with Jessy was always pleasurable and she often revitalized me now. That period was special; Jessy and Sarah were good together. It was a memorable time of great lessons, carefree youthfulness and a magnificent time to be 18.

Chapter 3

The Dunes were vast and vacant. Tumbleweed and dirt flirted with each other, amidst a strong breeze. I felt strong and ready to move to my next session. Practice was going to be intense. I was nearing the end here and I still had much to improve on.

I sat down and commenced. I opened myself up to all that was my opposite. The encounters that often came to me here required all my focus and strength, not to mention, a good amount of non judgement.

The beings, who met at these cross-roads, were strangers from anywhere and everywhere. This was not a nice, intimate gathering spot. This was a place where no questions were asked and more often than not, no answers were given. No rules, just unobstructed openness, in a field of endless possibilities. I waited.

Coldness came and I was restrained. Immediately, I knew 2 things, this was new and of the dark. I had not encountered this much negative energy during prior practices. I tried to see who was with me, but I could not make out any intact presence. I went on high alert.

The cold remained and it touched the very core of me. I looked down at myself and realized I was not restrained with any object. It was the cold itself that contained me and kept me still.

I debated upon making the first move, but I did not want to pass up the opportunity for further study. I kept my mind clear and guarded. I didn't know what powers this existence had and I did not want to give more, than the current situation was taking, beyond my control.

Immediately, I felt fear creep into my thoughts. It was not my fear which encroached, but rather, it was from the being.

The cold intensified beyond its balance. As it approached its extreme, it became painful and contracting; a prison all its own. The being told me to feel diminutive and helpless; it wanted to shrivel me whole.

I was glad I was now capable of sensing such lower based existences, such as fear, as separate from me. In many past remembrances and lives, such lower based existences, often interwove themselves to the point of oneness with me.

During my past lives, fear and its host of relatives ruled my existence. They came uninvited and ran amuck, hidden away within me, as if me. This time, I let fear in by choice. I observed it, all the while, maintaining stillness. I heard it say,

“You are not ready. You will fail. I will be there when you attempt to cross over. I will kiss you, as I have so many other times before, and you will forget.”

I did not respond. I wanted to get as much information as possible. Still, I was curious about its insinuation regarding my cross-over, but now was not the time to wonder. I kept to the game plan, letting it be one sided; gaining little now, benefiting later.

Instantaneously, the cold was gone and intense heat replaced it, searing through me. Imbalances and lower vibrational based entities often travelled together; after-all, they were of the same kind.

Fear also left and anger presented itself. I felt and knew its disapproval of my existence and its desire to erase me. The being proved to be cruel and with intention; it caused flashes of my past deaths to play out in front of me, inviting me to feel its sadness and madness. It played vivid images of my past deaths, from lives that ended without awakening only to become recycled and re-incarnated in the bosom of life.

I stayed unaffected by the images, but the heat began to feel unnerving. I was being reminded of my ability to fall prey to forgetfulness, of the chance, I was not strong enough to maintain and remember myself.

The heat intensified and anger exploded in my face. I began to prepare for battle, when faintly, I heard Sabul call me and remembered, Sabul's class was starting.

As I thought about Sabul, the presence that encircled me disappeared as quickly as it came, leaving me feeling a little freezer burned.

Sabul and I connected outside class. We spoke about the existence I had just mixed with and it became the point of discussion and review for today's class. I gathered myself as Sabul began.

“Extremes and imbalance can be destructive; it is often a cause of pain and suffering. On earth, everything has polarity: two sides, two opposites, two extremes. All of life is made up of varying degree of the same things, making all things different only in mass, energy and light.

One aspect or side-effect, associated with amnesia, is the acceptance of physical parameters humans are born into. Most trust only in the senses they can see, touch, feel, smell and hear. Forgetful humans often live limited lives. They give credence only to a small part of themselves and all things: that which they can see only.

Gender, demonstrates this clearly. They view themselves male or female, not male and female in one. Imbalance is strong on earth, it likes the physical arena. It will attempt to keep you from your mission.”

Sabul was gentle. Still, I felt and understood the urgency in his words. Sabul continued,

“We will cover certain laws, before you go. Today is an introduction. Earth was not always a habitable zone. Well before mankind graced it, earth was not capable of sustaining human life. Its journey has marched to the beat of the universe: a slow, calculated and planned progression. Today it is created with the unity of so many and it has maintained and sustained much.

It too, is alive and must be treated with the same respect, if not protocol, all deserve. Earth allows beings to experience everything that can possibly be imagined. It is a platform for creation. However, most humans do not understand, earth is itself alive. They do not recognize, though it is created by all, it too has an individual form. Its ultimate destiny is unknown, but based on its initial state, it is very probable, it will one day again not be able to sustain life.

As you know, nothing stays the same and it is probably safe to assume, earth will, one day again, have to re-group and relieve itself of harmful human behaviour. We do not know the time frame before this occurs, it could very well happen in your life time there.

Your destiny, though all different, revolves around the possibility of this event. As I said, only an introduction today, I have to be elsewhere. Until again.”

Sabul departed and I headed home. Though I felt a little tired, I thought about my encounter and the events to follow. I caught myself lamenting: on earth, most lived as if they were each alone. They believed the hell and beauty that transpired in their head was secret and known only by them. However, tonight was not going to be the night; I wanted to just be, without thinking.

Home was peaceful and I began to relax. I was in the mood for papayas and ice-cream, my taste buds wanted to be satisfied and the rest of me agreed. I spoiled myself and topped the night off with a bath. My encounter, at the Dunes, left me achy. My body had been put through an invisible ringer that left visible tracks.

I melted into a hot and steamy tub of magic and instantly had an increase in appreciation. As my head rested on a towel, I closed my eyes and drifted for a while. The silence replenished and regenerated.

I felt warm and light. I appreciated what our life was supposed to be: perfect, whole and complete. The water maintained its heat and I relaxed further. I let myself sink deeper within, nearly approaching sleep, while clearly conscious.

Chapter 4

I saw the pond again; the geese bath and prepared for night time. Jessy got in her car and headed to Sarah's.

Since their first awkward encounter, Jessy avoided Sarah. She hoped her feelings would go away; however, not all was well. Jessy's realization of her sexuality disturbed her; the truth caused her to become side-tracked.

The year passed and Jessy managed to miss most of her classes. She faced poor grades and was on her way to failing drama, Sarah's course. Her attempt to extinguish her feelings led her to late night partying and living, caused the year to blur by. She had not anticipated such a predicament and it seemed almost too late to correct this episode in life.

Sarah offered to oversee a crash-course credit, that would at least, ensure she obtain all her credits. Jessy needed desperately to ensure staying on course; she shook her head and smiled at the irony of life. She had avoided the occasional seeing and being with Sarah throughout the year. Now, she was being presented with a chance to recover, but it included a full dose of concentrated Sarah.

It was one of those situations that caused her great anticipation and overwhelming anxiety. She had no choice. Once the nausea subsided, she was excited to spend time with Sarah. She started to recognize the value of good, emerging from a bad situation.

Sarah opened the door and Jessy came through, again she felt a wave of energy as she passed by. Sarah's house was small and private. The windows were open and the crickets made themselves heard.

It was a warm, summer night; the air was sweet and heavy. They made small chit chat and Sarah went inside, busy with her usual domestic duties, while Jessy, sat down to her studies.

She was usually over for about an hour and then would leave. Never wanting to impose, but mainly, not wanting, nor allowing herself to know what was going through Sarah's mind.

Jessy decided to believe the energy she felt around Sarah was one sided, not mutual and she never prevented herself from forgetting that line, it was safer that way. Jessy looked at her clock and began to stir, she prepared to leave.

Sarah came into the room and sat on the sofa. Her hair in disarray, she seemed content, probably from the sense of having finished her chores. She looked like someone who had just whirl-winded through laundry and cumbersome every day, living duties.

Sarah reviewed and initialled completion of the work, while Jessy packed her bags. Jessy thanked her and once again, made an offer of reciprocation. She did not expect Sarah to take her up on her offer, not that she did not want to; rather, she just knew Sarah would not want any pay-back. She assumed she was safe.

Sarah handed Jessy the work back and said,

“I decided to give your offer some thought. You said you are taking message lessons, I have been struggling with this kink in my neck and I have been too busy to do anything about it.”

Jessy looked up, slightly stunned. The purity of the moment clichéd throughout her head. Taken completely aback, she stumbled with the words and replied,

“You are truly saving my year; I would actually feel better if I could help you in any way. You just tell me when.”

Sarah thought for a second and decided,

“Do you have time now? I saw you looking at your watch?”

Jessy was, again, caught off guard; she had not expected Sarah to have meant now. She started to get anxious, but found the strength to maintain control.

“Now is no problem, I was just taking a reality check. When one has to read a million books, time must be watched and checked upon every now and then. It is not a big production, just get a towel and slip into a shirt tight to your body. I will give you the introductory special.”

“All right then, I will be right back”

Jessy watched Sarah walk away and she fixed in on the present moment, trying to quickly collect herself. Messaging Sarah was not a concept she had given prior life to, before now. As a matter of fact, Jessy had made it a point to not think of Sarah in any way.

It was late and she felt tired. She took a few deep breaths, shook herself up and tuned into the part of her that, instinctively, knew what was needed to be done. She respected her natural ability as a masseuse. More than ever, she now awakened to the exhilaration she felt when she brought comfort to those in pain. She awaited Sarah’s return.

Sarah came back, with a towel in hand. Jessy took it from her and placed it down.

“Sit down with me first and we can begin by discussing a few things. Messaging someone can be more rewarding if, some rules are first made known.

Let me know if anything I do hurts, is uncomfortable or if you need to stop. Most importantly, remember to breathe through-out: breathe in through the nose and out through the nose. And last, but not least on my list, speaking is your option. Do you have anything you want me to know?”

She heard herself go into her normal routine; she tried to disregard she was dealing with Sarah.

“I always thought you should breathe in through the nose and out the mouth?” Sarah asked

“I have researched this quit extensively, I have found most people breathe incorrectly and most people don’t even breathe enough. The ancients used to use their breathing as a means to achieve inner peace and physical strength. Our bodies require airflow to ensure our energy stay vibrant and fresh. We do not pay attention to our breathing anymore; it is a forgotten art and requires practice to recapture its proper method.”

“Well, I promise I will become more aware. One last thing, please don’t take it personal, if I fall asleep. It has been an exhausting day.” Sarah said apologetically.

“That is why I get the ground rules out first, no confusion later. Are you set?”

Sarah shook her head.

“Take 3 big breaths with me, again in through the nose, out through the nose. Lie down on your stomach when you are ready.”

Sarah lay on the towel, her body still. Jessy was determined to stay focused on the art and etiquette of message. The fact she was about to touch Sarah again required extra concentration and was somewhat disturbing.

She looked down at Sarah’s body and could not help but notice its shape. She could tell Sarah worked out. Jessy also made it a routine to stay in shape. She caught her mind, as it began to wonder, but was quick to bring it back; she focused on technique.

Jessy drew more energy into herself and began. As she did, she saw Sarah’s body begin to fill and relax. She felt the tightness and stiffness, surrounding Sarah’s body, dissipate underneath her hands. She looked at Sarah’s face for any sign of discomfort; she was quiet.

Jessy was surprised Sarah's life force was sporadic. Her muscles were constricted and her energy was misaligned; 15 minutes into the message, Jessy knew, Sarah was grateful, which made Jessy smile.

She did not want to over-work Sarah; long messages tended to activate and release toxins, often caused the person to feel flu like symptoms the next day. She wanted to give Sarah immediate relief from her kink and so she stopped, only to notice, Sarah had fallen asleep.

She took a blanket from on top the couch and placed it over Sarah's body. She picked up her things and left quietly, leaving Sarah asleep and herself awake, fully alive.

I came to. The water, still warm, indicated I had not drifted long. I got out and slipped into my favourite robe. I was glad Jessy and Sarah had joined me tonight. I was stronger when they were with me and I would need all the strength, I could muster, when I visited Whirlza.

I lay down on my bed and calmed my mind. I enjoyed a slight wind above me, from the open port-holes; my naked body melted into nothingness. I closed my eyes, blackness welcomed me; I relinquished myself to perfect rest. I drifted and reached the warmth of the eternal and infinite light, the life source of all. I stayed there until I felt perfect, whole and complete again, grateful for the opportunity to share in this wondrous life.

I continued my drifting, but this time, with intent. I hovered over planet earth, admiring its beauty. It was night time, most slept. Traditional sleep was a state of uncontrolled disengagement. In the dimensions, other than earth, traditional sleep was often replaced with perfect rest-a controlled condition of lucidity.

In perfect rest, there was no disassociation of individual with all else. The body, mind and soul understood the connection it had to each other and to the rest of existence. They were in agreement and conscious of each other. Humans experienced perfect rest while in deep sleep, in the delta level. However, most did not have control of this state and only captured glimpses of it.

Still, the quick instances they were in delta level, provided them with necessary reprieve, from a constant frantic mind. The reminder of humanity's plight caused me to reaffirm my mission. I respected the powers that influenced the earthly dimension, it only made me want to prepare harder.

Upon coming back, fully aware of the fact I was about to change my perspective, I re-opened my eyes slowly. I prepared myself for the visual light. I focused in and shifted.

I felt new and ready. I opted to dress light; I chose a loose wrap. I enjoyed a slow breakfast, lingered about for awhile and then once again, prepared to change direction. I entered.

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